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The Oul' bog hole

[S.l.]

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Reel: 39 Title: 5

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Control Number: ADG-5898
OCLC Number : 27721960
Call Number : W PN970.E5 OULBx
Title : The Oul' bog hole.
Imprint : [S.l. : s.n., 18--]
Format : 10 p. ; 19 cm.
Note : Caption title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : Tailpiece on p. 10.
Note : Without music.
Contents : The oul' bog hole -- The iron child -- Gowfmyloggie -- The emigrants tragedy -- Young Jamie Foyers -- The Irish emigrant -- The home of my Jean.
Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8-31-94
Camera Operator: AR

The Oul' Bog Hole.

The pig is in the mire, and the cow is on the grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than ass,
My mother likes her ducks, & the ducks like the drake,
And sweet Judy Flannagan I'd die for your sake.
My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee
We met the 'tother night our hearts to condole.
And I sate Judy down by the Oul' Bog Hole

Singing cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Arrah cushla mavourneen, will you marry me
Arrah cushla mavourneen will you marry me
Would you fancy the bouncing young barney Magee.

Then Judy she blushed and hung down her head.
Saying, Barney, you blackguard I'd like to get wed,
But they say you're so rough and you are such a rake—
Don't beleive it, says I, for it is all a mistake
To keep you genteel I'll work at my trade.
I'll handel the shovel, the hook and the spade ;
The turf to procure which is better than coal
And I'll work to my knees in the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing cushla &c.

Arrah give me your hand, and consent just at once,
Sure its not every day you will get such a chance ;
When the priest makes us one, how happy I'll be,
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mrs, Magee.
Tho' the meal should be scarce we ll have praties enough.
And if you think long for more delicate stuff.
I'll take the old rod which my grandfather stole
And we'll fish for eels in the Oul' Bog Hole,
Singing cushla &c.

By the hoky, says she , I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney you know how to use ;
You have bother'd my heart with the picture you've drawn
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done,
Holy murder, says I, do you doubt what I say,
If I thought 'twould convince you I'd swear half a day
O no, she replied, its of no use at all,
Then she whisperd consent by the Oul' Bog Hole.

Then give me a kiss my joy and delight—
Be easy, you blackguard, until it's all right;
Sure, after we're wed, we'll kiss and condole,
And I'll go out a fishing in the Oul' Bog hole
Singing cushla &c.

Fine childer we'll have, for we must mind that,
They'll be Darby and Barney and Judy & pat.
They'll be Judy, so meek, and Mary, so bluff—
O stop, stop, she cried, have you not got enough,
I ve not, says I, sure I'll not be content
Till you bring us home as many as there's days in the lent
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a stroll,
And we'll all promenade round the Oul' Bog Hole,
Singing cushla, &c.,

THE IRON CHILD.

Draw near awhile good people all, while I relate a tale,
'Tis of a circumstance took place in ——— County Gaol.
A young man there, I do declare, was doomed in anguish wild,
And was compell'd for three long months to nurse an iron child

Dandle, dandle, all the day, would make a chap go wild :
Three months in ——— Prison, for to nurse an iron child.

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In John Street, a damsel sweet, whose name I must not tell,
Round about that neighbourhood they know her very well ;
With three or four young fellows she went rambling to and fro,
In the Lass o' Gowrie Cotton tree, likewise the Barley Mow.

But Mary, dear, as you shall hear, she tumbled in the straw,
And to get a father for her child she quickly went to law ;
Which man to blame she did not know. at last she did agree
To swear it on a worker at ——— Factory.

Poor Willie had often treated her with brandy, rum, and wine,
But when she blamed the child on him, he says it is not mine ;
But her other men could raise no tin, which soon set Mary wild
She took an oath, and swore Bill was the father of her child.

So Willie he was summoned to attend the Sheriff Court,
And the Sheriff decided that he must the child support,
And in default of doing the same, he should be reconciled
To go to ..... Prison for to nurse an iron child.

So to Belle-Tue, it's very true, they took him in the van,
And dress'd him up in uniform—oh ! what a nice young man.
With skilly and whack, oh dear, oh lack, its nearly drove him wild
For three times a day he had to nurse a great big iron child.

This iron child was very mild, just like old Uncle Ned,
A great surprise, it has no eyes, nor teeth to eat its bread ;
It weighs exactly twenty pounds ; it does not or cry bawl ;
But he was so mad he often dash'd its head against the wall.

In the morning just at six o'clock, the dungeon is unbarr'd,
And with this iron baby then, he walked around the yard.
Tossing it and coaxing it, just like a man that's wild,
Saying, the devil take the prison and the great big iron child.

If you had seen him in his cell, it would you all surprise,
With an iron doll they kept poor Bill in constant exercise.
If he only tries to rise his arms, the turnkey in a crack,
Would go and tell the governor, to stop his skilly and whack

When Willie he came out of quad, the lasses often smiled,
And gather'd round him in a squad, saying, Willie, how s the child
And when he takes a walk to view, they set him rather wild,
Saying, Willie, where's the wooden spoon that fed the iron child.

A circumstance occurred to him, all other fun it bangs,
With roaring cheer, he went to hear, some singing at the ... ..,
But when he got inside the door, the lads all set him wild, (child
For they shouted out, there goes the chap that nursed the iron

So now you sporting bachelors, be careful what they do,
Mind how you treat the ladies, or they will make you rue.
For if yon chance to have a slip with Betty, Jane, or Poll,
To ..... Gaol you will be sent to nurse the iron doll.

GOWFMYLOGGIE.

Our Kintra Dames when taste was young
and Fashen no sae Voggie.
Wore Coaties on their hurdies hung
Yeclept a Gowfmyloggie,

They fitted were for wark and wear
not like our new flounced Toggie.
But limbs had light an room to stear
within the Gowfmyloggie,

Nae Pride O dress O foreign cut
made Wives then Stiff and Shoggie.
And fok declared the jilt a slut
that shy'd the Gowfmyloggie,

A waster merited the name
Frae ane that strutted Voggie.
In Gowns that O'er frae flanders came
To daunt the Gowfmyloggie

The Lass that cudna bake an spin
Nor use the breehen loggie.
Had little chance a match to win
Wha prised the Gowfmyloggie,

What then could silks and satins do
To clear the bent an boggie.
Which never made their stepping true
That wore the Gowfmyloggie,

Nae sicken trashrie then was used
As now nor fine lap Doggie.
A turn O wark the maids amused
That name the Gowfmyloggie,

Since times are light and living sma
And prospects dark and foggie.
Fling a your barking to the wa
And chose the Gowfmyloggie,

Then hearty hamely sweet content
Shall banish human moggie,
And wives and wanes to visions spent
Shall fill the Gowfmyloggie,

THE EMIGRANTS TRAGEDY.

(Answer to Erin's lovely home.)

Ye Pattersons of Erin's Isle, come due attention pay.
While bravely I communicate this mournful tradgy.
It was want of trade which thousands made, far far away to roam
And mourn the day they sailed away from Erin's lovely home,

Forty-seven I'll neer forget, when fever plagued the land.
And famine with gigantic steps streched forth its devions hand
Which many men, like infants then, unable for to roam,
In cold death lay to dogs a prey, in Erins lovely home.

My father was a farming man, used to industry,
He had two sons to manhood grown, and lovely daughters three,
Our acres few that would not do, so some of us must roam,
With sisters two I bade adeiu to Erins lovely home,

My father sold his second cow, and barrowed twenty pounds,
And in the pleasant month of may we sailed from sligo town;
With hundreds more we left the shore, all like oblidged to roam
My heart dose break when this I speak of Erin's lovely home

Before we were ten days at sea, the fever seized our crew
And falling like the atumn leaves bid life and friends adieu,
The raging waves sweeps o'or their graves amidst the ocean foam
Their friends may mourn they'll ne'er return to Erins lovely home

My loving sisters both took ill, and shortly life gave way,
And O' to me 'twas worse than death to throw them in the sea.
I breathed a prayer to heaven—alas, that we did roam.
To end our days far far away from Erins lovely home.

When we had reached America our numbers were but small,
And fourteen day of quarentine was worse to us than all,
In this sad state we had to wa t, though anxious for to roam.
In a strange land—a feeble band from Erin's lovely home

This is a land of liberty, where plenty doth abound,
Where men may get the full reward for tilling of the ground
Ther'es nothing I see can comfort me, a pilgrim I will roam
In heaven I'll meet my sisters sweet from Erins lovely home

Erin my country land of love, my heart doth fill with grief
May heavn's high power still guard thy shore and give the some relief
May plenty be restored to the, nor cause thy sons to roam
But to enjoy without alloy old Erins lovely home,

Now to conclude, i'll bid adieu to all my friends so dear.
I never can return home, nor hope to see them here
In a strange land some kindly hand will shade beneath its doam
And on my bier they'll drop a tear far far from Erins lovely home

YOUNG JAMIE FOYERS.

Far distant far distant lies Scotia the brave
No tomb-stone memorial to hallow his grave,
His bones are now scattered on the rude soil of Spain
And young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

From tbe Perthshire Militia to serve in the line
The brave forty-second we sailed to join;
To Wellington's army we did volunteer,
Along with young Jamie Foyers that bold haberdier.

That night when we landed the bugle did sound,
Te general gave orders to form on the ground
To storm Bruges Castle before the break of day
And young Jamie Foyers to lead us the way.

But mounting the ladder for scaling the wall,
With a shot from a french gun yong Foyers did fall:
He leaned his right hand upon hisleft breast,
And young Jamie Foyers his comrades addressed.

For you Robert Perry that stands on campaign,
If goodnees would send you to auld Scotland again,
You may tell my old father if yet his heart warms,
That his son Jamie Foyers expired in your arms,

But if a few moments in Campsie I were,
My mother and sisters my sorrows would
But, alas my poor mother, long may she mourn,
But her son Jamie Foyers will never return

But if I had a drink of baker Brown's spring well,
My thirst it would quench and my fever would quell;
For life's purple current was ebbing so fast,
That young Jamie Foyers soon breathed his last.

They took for a winding sheet his tartan plaid,
Tnd in the cold grave his body was laid;
With a heart full of sorrow they covered his clay
Vnd muttering poor Foyers marched slowly away.

His father and mother and sisters do mourn,
For Foyers that hero will never return
His friends and acqnaintances lament for the brave,
For now Jamie Foyers is laid in the grave.

The bugle may sound and the war drum may rattle,
Nae mair will rouse this young hero to battle;
He fell off the ladder life a soldier so brave,
And Foyers that hero is laid in his grave.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT,

I m sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sung loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And the breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here:
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends:
But oh! they love the better far,
The few our Father sends;
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

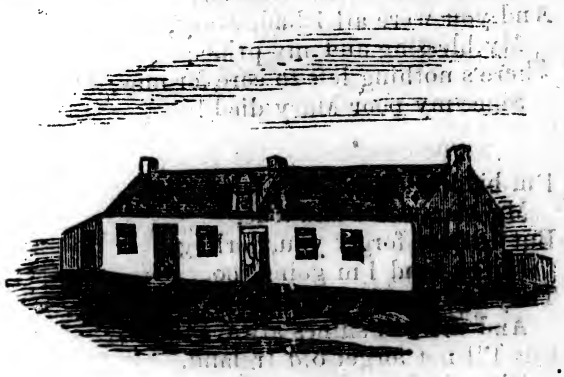
I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going too.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as far.

THE HOME OF MY JEAN.

AIR.—*Scottish Blue Bells.*

I love the dear land where the heather is blooming—
The land of the mountain, the lake, and the rill;
Where thousands of wild-flowers are sweetly perfuming
The pure healthy air on the heath-cover'd hill;
Where rocks sternly rise from the depths of the ocean;
Where broad plains, and bleak hills, and Islands are seen
Where man seems to dwell free of guilty emotion;
Oh! that is the birth-place and home of my Jean!

Then sing of the land of the stern rocky mountains—
Encircled by seas where foaming waves dwell;
Of cold rushing streamlets, and pure flowing fountains;
Of beauty, and bravery, and red heather bell:
Dear land that gave birth to those heroes unbending,
Who met the invader on Falkirk's broad plain,
And fought, though outnumbered, their country defending,
Till Brandine and Stuart lay low mid' the slain.

The sun's golden rays on the landscape is beaming;
The hill and the fields are deep tinged with green;
The lakes glassy bosom like silver is gleaming,
Adorning and cheering the home of my Jean.
The rough hills of Arran arise in the distance,
And proud barks in full sail adorn the smooth wave;
The fields are in view, where the brave gave assistance
To freedom's bright banner, and found glory's grave.

Though gay golden sunbeams, and valley and mountain,
Conspire to enliven and brighten the scene,
With lambkin and streamlet, and clear crystal fountain,
All fade into nothing compared with my Jean.
Then sing of the land of the stern rocky mountains,
Encircled by seas where foaming waves dwell;
Of bold rushing streamlets, and pure flowing fountains;
Of beauty, and bravery, and red heather bell. —J. M'D.